Bumpers, 'Squire Jones

Sung by Mr. Beard.

YE Good Fellows all,
who love to be told where there's *Claret* good (more.
Attend to the *Call*
of One who's ne'r frighted, but greatly delighted
with ten Bottles more;
Be ſure you don't paſs the good Houſe Money Glaſs,
which the jolly Red God ſo peculiar owns;
'Twill well ſuit your *Humour*,
for pray what would you more
Than *Mirth* with good *Claret*, and *Bumpers, Eſq; Jones.*

Ye Lovers that pine
For *Laſſes* that oft prove cruel as fair,
who whimper and whine
For Lillies and Roſes, with Eyes, Lips and Noſes,
or tip of an Ear:
Come hither i'll ſhow ye, how *Phillis* and *Chloe*,
No more will occaſion ſuch Sighs and ſuch Groans;
For what *Mortal* ſo ſtupid, as not to quit *Cupid*,
when call'd by good *Claret*, *&c*

Ye *Poets* who write,
And brag of drinking fam'd *Helicon*'s Brook;
though all you get by it
s a Dinner oftimes, in Reward of your Rhimes,
with *Humphry* the Duke;
Learn *Bacchus* to follow, and quit your *Apollo*,
Forſake all the *Muſes*, thoſe ſenſeleſs old *Crones*,
Our jingling our Glaſſes, your Rhyming ſurpaſſes,
when crown'd with good *Claret*, &c.

Ye Soldiers ſo ſtout,
With plenty of Oaths, though not of *Coin*;
who make ſuch a Rout,
Of all your *Commanders* who ſerv'd us in *Flanders*,
and eke at the *Boyne*:
Come leave off your rattling, of ſieging and battling,
And know you'd much better to ſleep in whole *Bones*,
Were you ſent to *Gibraltar*, your *Note* you'd ſoon *alter*,
and wiſh for good *Claret*, *&c.*

Ye *Clergy* ſo wiſe,
who Myſteries profound can demonſtrate clear,
how worthy to Riſe;
You preach once a Week, but your *Tythes* never ſeek
above once in a Year;
Come here without failing, and leave off your *railin g*
'Gainſt Biſhops providing for ſtupid dull Drones;
Says the *Text* ſo divine, what is *Life* without *Wine.*
then away to the *Claret*, &c.

Ye *Lawyers* ſo juſt,
Be the Cauſe what it will, who ſo learnedly plead,
how worthy of Truſt:
You know *black* from *white*, yet prefer *wrong* to *right*,
as you are chanc'd to be Fee'd;
Leave muſty *Repotrs*, and forſake the King's *Courts*,
Where dulneſs and diſcords have ſet up their Throats
Burn *Salkield* and *Ventries*, with all their damn'd *Entrie*
and away to good *Claret*, *&c.*

Ye phyſical Tribe,
Whoſe Knowledge conſiſts in *Hard Words* and *Grimace*,
whenever ye preſcribe,
Have at your Devotion Pills, Bolus, or Potion,
be what will the Caſe;
Pray where is the need to purge, bliſter, and bleed,
when ailing yourſelves the whole Faculty owns
That the Forms of old *Galen* are not ſo prevailing
as Mirth with good *Claret*, *&c.*

Ye Fox-hunters eke,
That follow the Call of the Horn and the Hound,
who your Ladies forſake;
Beſure they're awake to beat up the Break
where the Vermin is found;
Leave *Piper* and *Blueman*, ſhrill *Dutcheſs* and *Trueman*,
Hark away to the *Claret and Bumpers, Eſq; Jones.*